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Judge

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THE PIG.

Judge

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THE PRESIDENT and Mr. Littlefield seem destined to win the laurels of undying fame as hunters of the octopus.

* * *

EVEN MISERY does not love the company which it meets in the Democratic ranks.

* * *

FOR GRAND, monumental obscurity and inaninity the average dramatic production is crowding the magazine sonnet pretty hard for first place.

* * *

HILL is lying low, submerged in a sea of murky desolation that is quite as intensely impressive as that of a toy-store in January.

* * *

THE FIRE of genius is usually put out by the common hose of utility, although insurance policies are not issued against it.

* * *

WE MAY have thaws and thaws in January, but the thawing out of the great American sphinx, Gorman, will not be one of them.

* * *

EVEN the great and only Dr. Lorenz could not give the average Tammany politician of the rubricated proboscis any valuable points in the art of pulling a leg.

* * *

IT WOULD be a good thing, not to say a gilt-edged blessing, for Mr. Bryan if he should suddenly become tongue-tied and be compelled to let his money do the talking.

* * *

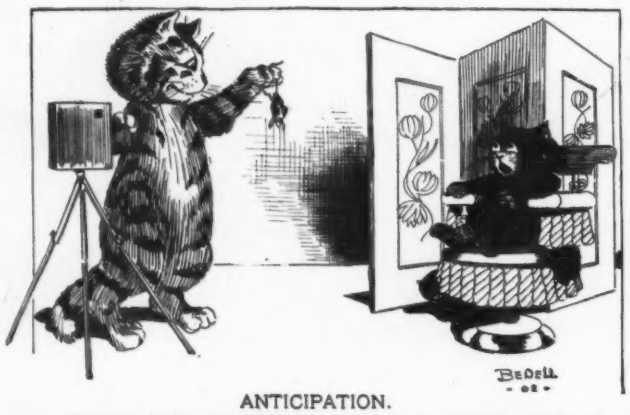
AFTER ALL is said and done, the philosophic all-round epicure must indorse the dictum that the proof of the political pudding is largely if not wholly in the gleaning of the plums.

* * *

WHEN we consider the rate at which chromo-literary fiction is selling and being devoured to-day from sea to sea and from mountain to mountain, we are not prepared to say that the fact that thousands of people in the south cannot read is to be regarded as a very dire calamity.

IT MAKES UNCLE SAM LAUGH.

"Wa-al, naow, thet's the best joke of the season—thet story 'bout Germany kickin' up a fuss 'tween me an' my old friend an' stand-by, John Bull, over a little bill-collectin' business daown in Venezuela. It jes' makes me laugh."



ANTICIPATION.

THOMAS (*the photographer*)—"Now, look pleasant, little one. Keep your eye on the little mousey."

IT WOULD not be a bad idea for one of our many amusement barons to make an arrangement with some of the South American countries to pull off their next revolution in Madison-square garden.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY kicks himself and the adjacent wind out of shape, while the elephant of Republicanism munches and absorbs the peanut of prosperity and wags his trunk in sweet content.

* * *

TIMES may change and conditions may vary, for all things mundane are more or less mutable; but in the bright lexicon of American liberty the Monroe doctrine will go on forever. It has had a pretty vigorous existence so far, having passed the perilous points of childhood with safety, and Uncle Sam is ever on the alert to the end that its lustiness may be preserved. The South American countries well know the meaning of its hospitality and protection. They absorbed that valuable husk of knowledge with the green monkey consommé of childhood, and it blossoms and leaps in their visions of liberty to-day. They all look to Uncle Sam for protection, and he never turns a deaf ear to their entreaties when their cause is a righteous one. But he will not be played horse with by any representative of the large-hatted tamarind contingent, unless that representative appears on the scene with an immaculate record as regards financial solidity and order generally. He shakes the finger of warning at them that would be taken under his wide, protecting wing, and they know, as well as they know how to discourse romantic ditties on the guitar and eat olla-podrida, what that portends. With the other finger Uncle Sam points to the writing on the wall, which legends of sound sense and wisdom are extracted from President Roosevelt's recent letter to congress. The South Americans know all the significance of these words, even to the subtlest shades of meaning, and are therefore well informed as regards the manner in which they must carry themselves, and what rules and regulations they must abide by and live up to, if they would enjoy the protection of the stars and stripes.

* * *

NOW THAT the pig is in season it is quite natural that the grunt of the porker should be heard in the land. But his grunt is quite eclipsed by that of the tobacco pig who has all seasons for his own. He can give the pig of commerce any kind of a handicap when it comes to the matter of gluttony, and distance him in record-breaking time. The tobacco pig's mission is to eat and fatten and be of no use to society; and when he goes about seeking what and whom he may devour he has his eye on the contents of the table of the small dealer and on the small dealer himself. He has a long reach, and can gather a tea-biscuit or a ptarmigan at any range without a pair of tongs. He can and does whizz through the air on the parabolic and gathers the small dealer on the fly, if he has not a lasso handy, and before the latter realizes his position the tobacco pig has him served au gratin or à la marengo, or in any other way that may strike his captious fancy. Often the biter is bit, and some day the diner may be dined upon. For the small dealer is weary of being wantonly robbed of the means to an end, which end is the gathering of the jingling sacks of gold which, in the melodious language that money speaks, means prosperity. The small dealer may not be as small as he looks, and the strength of the tobacco hog may be overrated. Some day the former may startle the business world not only by putting him out of the chase, but by converting his auricular appendage into purses and his caudal extremity into a whistle. The tobacco hog may learn to his sorrow, in a very brief space of time, that even the small dealer will turn, and then will he be a much sadder as well as a much wiser tobacco hog.

CRUSOE'S COMMENT.

"WHAT! is this Mr. Crusoe?" inquired the newly-arrived shade. Well, I declare, but I am glad to see you!"

"Thank you," smiled the shade of Crusoe. "Perhaps you could give me some news of the world you have left. You know I once acquired the habit of wondering what was going on, and never have gotten over it."

"Oh, there's nothing particularly new," answered the new-comer, "except that a ship-captain reports that your old island is overrun with lobsters."

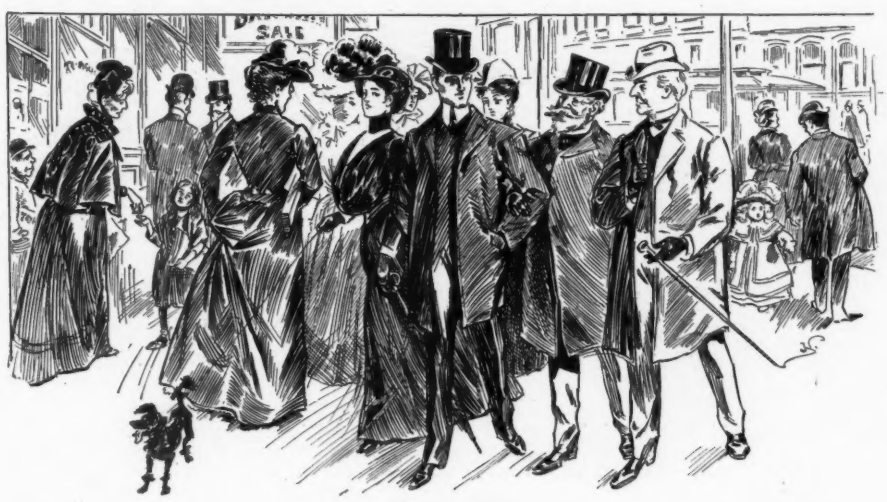
"Ah!" muttered Crusoe. "And so they have begun running excursions to my old familiar haunts at last."

A HARDSHIP OF MODERN WAR.

She—"The strain on the soldier in modern warfare must be very great."

He—"It is. Sometimes the photographer isn't ready, and you have to wait hours, and then the pictures may prove failures."

PARADOXICAL.
"I thought she was a beautiful skater."
"She is, but she's always willing to learn."



HOW IT WENT.
NEWLYWED—"You bachelors are foolish. Now, when a married man gets a few dollars ahead he doesn't go and spend it on some woman he's stuck on."
BACHELOR—"He doesn't?"
NEWLYWED—"No: he buys something for his wife."

THE DORCAS SOCIETY.

THEY sit and they sew for the heathen,
With fingers so fair and fast-flying,
And their tongues move as fast and as free then—
And as sharp—as the needles they're plying.

The foibles and faults of the absent
Are told to the sway of the rockers;
For the whole crowd has that gift of gab sent
To all such fair bunches of knockers.

WOOD LEVETTE WILSON.

AT THE SIX-DAY RACE.

First rider (in six-day race)—"They've nicknamed Bill 'the human automobile.'"

Second rider—"How's that?"

First rider—"Why, because this is only the third day of the race, and he's been laid up five times for repairs already."

THE PSALM OF WEALTH.

LIVES of millionaires remind us
We can reach fame's shining strand
If we'll only leave behind us
Libraries to beat the band.

NO. 23.—THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF MARVELOUS THOMAS.—THE END.
"I have started to draw here the picture of a man's head; but as I am getting tired, and I presume you are, I will conclude by——
——wishing you good-night."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

VIOLA ALLEN.

Oh, star awing,
The critics say
You are the thing
That is the play.

And hear us shout,
Oh, star most bright!
They're just about
Exactly right.

A TIPPLER'S TIP.

WEARY ere I sip, alas!
Direful dreams before me pass.
Danger lurks within the glass—
Dreary erysipelas! FELIX CARMEN.

ALL WERE HEROINES.

THE editor of the *Daily Amazonian* listened impatiently to the explanations of the reporter who had been detailed to write up the triumphant return and public reception of the first regular amazon cavalry. The ladies were home again after a long and bitter campaign, and public interest was at its height. It was essential that the paper should state which of the women warriors had especially distinguished herself on the field of battle.

"Why didn't you learn who was the chief heroine of the regiment?" asked the editor.

"How could I?" asked the reporter with some heat. "There was no way to differentiate. Every one of them talked."

WILLING TO START A TRUST.

HE—"I worship the very ground you walk upon."
SHE—"You must be in the ice trust."

IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

"YOU must be asked a great many foolish questions in the course of the day," said the solemn man to the elevator man.

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Indeed? And what are some of them?"

"Oh, same as you're asking."

IN THE FRONT ROW.

Critic—"Your new ballet-girls can't dance, but they're regular daisies."

Manager—"They're scarcer than daisies. I call 'em my orchid squad."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

MIKE—"Begobs! we won th' shtrike, afther bein' out tin months."
PAT—"Tin months? But phwy ain't ye workin'?"
MIKE—"Oh, we voted t' take a week off t' cilibrate th' victory."

AN UP-TO-DATE ALIBI.

JIM JACKSON—"Why didn' Pete prove an alibi in dat chicken case?"
MOSE MOODUS—"Dey wouldn' gib him time."
JIM JACKSON—"How much time did he want?"
MOSE MOODUS—"Oh, 'bout t'ree or four yeahs, so his frien's could remembah bettah 'bout his dinin' wif dem on de ebenin' de chickens wuz stole."

NOT IN THE BOOKS.

"WHAT are the chief products of South America?" asked the school-teacher. "Tommy Taddells, you may answer."

"Rubber, coffee, ultimatums, and insurrections," replied Tommy.

PLANNING AHEAD.

Edith—"Mertie says she intends to learn to skate this winter."

Marie—"But she learned last winter."

Edith—"Yes; but she broke her engagement to that fellow."

OUT OF BUSINESS.

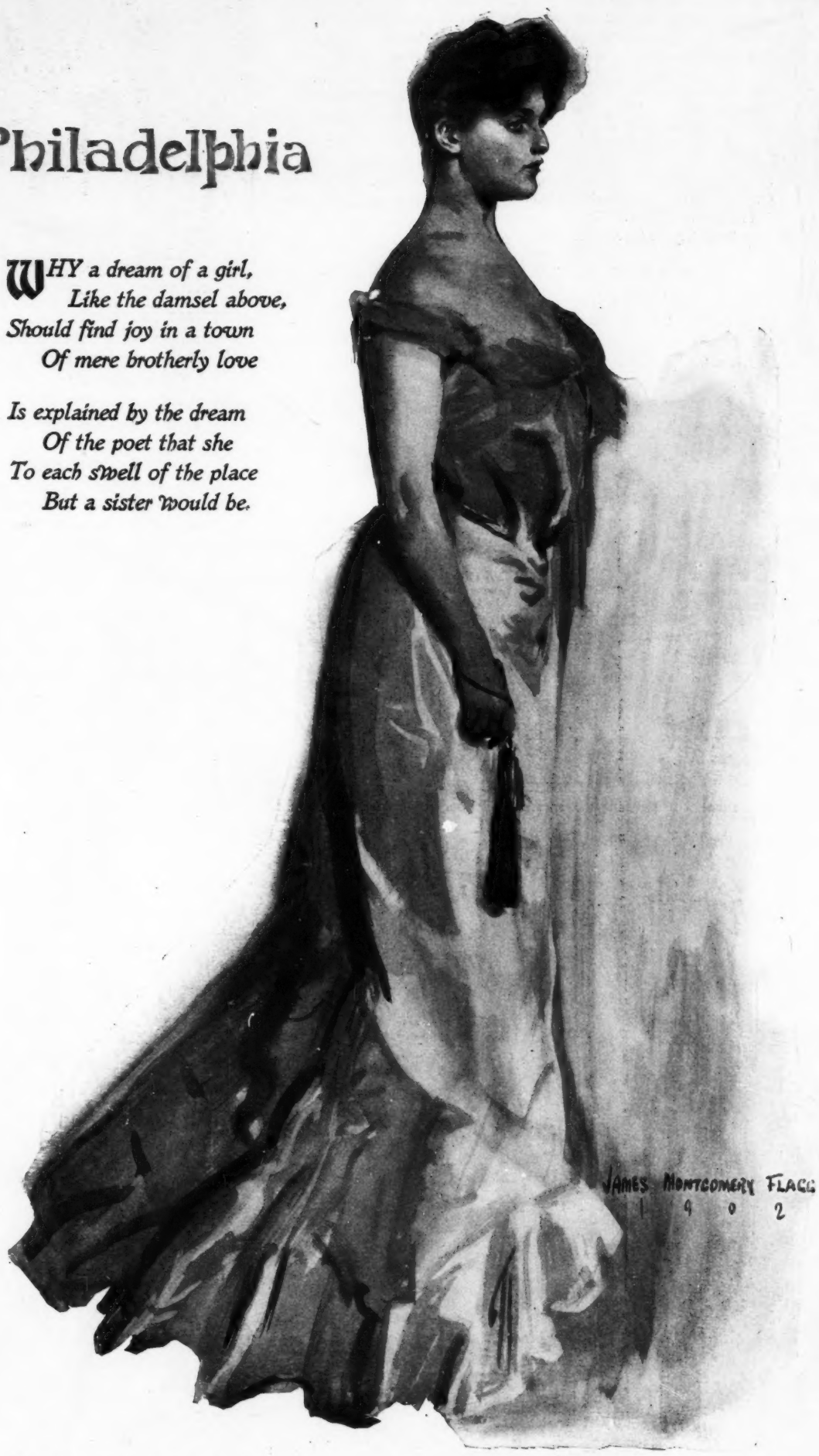
Cobwigger—"I hear the storm blew your tent down."

Circus fakir—"Worse than that. The rain gave the sword-swallower a sore throat and washed all the designs off the tattooed man."

Philadelphia

WHY a dream of a girl,
Like the damsel above,
Should find joy in a town
Of mere brotherly love

Is explained by the dream
Of the poet that she
To each swell of the place
But a sister would be.



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NO 2.—"THE GIRLS OF OUR TOWN."

THE BURNING QUESTION.

THE sun has set, the twilight blushing dies;
Now to his train the swift commuter flies.
What thought can cloud that erstwhile brow of Jove?
What sorrow can a mind serene so move?

Oh, ye who ask, attend him to his home.
Behold in welcoming throng his children come.
See where his consort, matronly, discreet,
Extends connubial arms her spouse to greet.

Should not such wife, such children, calm the mind
Of aught who ranks himself with humankind?
Yet his gloom deepens. Hear his questioning shout,
"How is the furnace fire? Is it out?" R. G. BUTLER.

DURING THE FAMILY JAR.

Professional violinist—"But, my dear, we will have to do some economizing until I can make more money."

His wife (petulantly)—"Oh, fiddle!"

UP NORTH.

FIRST BOY—"What are those fellers playing?"
SECOND BOY—"Oh, it's just a little game of freeze-out."

FIXING IT FOR HIM.

HE WAS of such a volcanically-passionate and theatrically-romantic disposition that she anticipated his over-exerting himself when she handed him his refusal; so, after he had gotten his proposal safely out of his system and was standing breathlessly agape, she quietly extended to him a new whisk-broom.

"Wha-wha"—— he gasped.

"Oh," she answered, "you are to go out in the street now, sweep a nice clean place on the dusty pavement, and have your fit there. I can never become your wife."

NOT TO BE DENIED.

"Do you think she will succeed in breaking into society? The social lines are very closely drawn, you know."
"Yes; but she is hitting the line like a plunging full-back."

TOOK NO CHANCES.

A WIFE once concocted a biscuit.
Her husband, too fearful to riscuit,
Caught it on his pate
When swift from his plate
He slyly attempted to whiscuit.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Mrs. Robinson Brown—"A little bird has whispered to me that you are going to buy me a new thirty-five-dollar hat. What do you think of the bird?"

Mr. Robinson Brown—"I think that bird is a most unmitigated liar."

A MUTUAL DIFFERENCE.

MR. NEWLYWED—"Your salads ain't like my mother used to make."
MRS. NEWLYWED—"Well, your salary ain't like my father used to make."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CHICKEN CROSSING THE ROAD.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard—and Jones lecturer before the Edinburgh university on "the psychology of cross-purposes"—is at work on a book which will be called "The Psychology of the Chicken Crossing the Road." The book will be in two or three volumes, octavo, with an appendix by his brother, Henry James. This important subject, in so far as it can be adequately treated in so brief a space, will be thus definitely settled. The subject under Professor James's treatment naturally divides itself into four divisions. Each will be discussed from the philosophical, psychological, sociological and cosmographical view-point, together with illustrative data and tabulations, arranged or compiled from Professor James's personal observations.

The first division of the book will discuss the question in a general way—Professor James will spar for an opening, as it were. The second will discuss the psychology of the philosopher's attitude on the matter. The third will be devoted to the chicken's attitude (with a keen analysis of the counter-effect this has on the philosopher's attitude). The fourth division will discuss the public or social attitude (with a further keen analysis of the counter and recounter effect on the philosopher and the chicken). This will be followed by a summary and psychology of "the whole blooming business," as Professor James subtly put it. Professor James also announces that for this chapter he has arranged for a foot-note of three hundred pages by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, author of the symbolistic dialogue, "I am glad you are glad I am glad."

Then comes the appendix by Henry James. This will be in the form of a novel called "The Clipped Wings." It will be symbolistic of modern life and its problems. Mr. James will show why the chicken (or heroine) crossed the road, or started to cross, or why she started to cross—if she did start. Mr. James will show that the crossing was a matter entirely beyond her own control; that social forces, forces of environment and heredity, forces beyond her own ken, were responsible. He will show that there were reasons reaching from Rome, from Paris, from New York, from Boston, from Mr. James's study at Rye—indeed, from the innermost recesses of his own brain—all these were responsible for the crossing, if she did cross, or the starting, if she did start. Having shown all this, Mr. James will then, as usual, leave the entire matter in the reader's own hands—unless she should decide to cross back again, in which case Professor William James will be called to explain the psychology of that.

RANNEY HORR.

IN SULU LAND.

PRIME MINISTER—"What do you think of that new missionary?"
SULTAN CHOPPUMMUPPA—"Oh, he looks like as nice a chap as I'd care to meat."

SOME GOOD KIND.

MRS. GIVEM—"Now, don't spend it on vile liquor."
THIRSTY TIM—"I won't, lady. W'ot brand do youse generally call fer?"

IT IS probable that it is the distance that lends enchantment to the cooking "that mother used to do."

THE AVERAGE.

HUNTER—"Any big game around here?"
NATIVE—"Nope. Penny ante an' five-cent limit is about the average."

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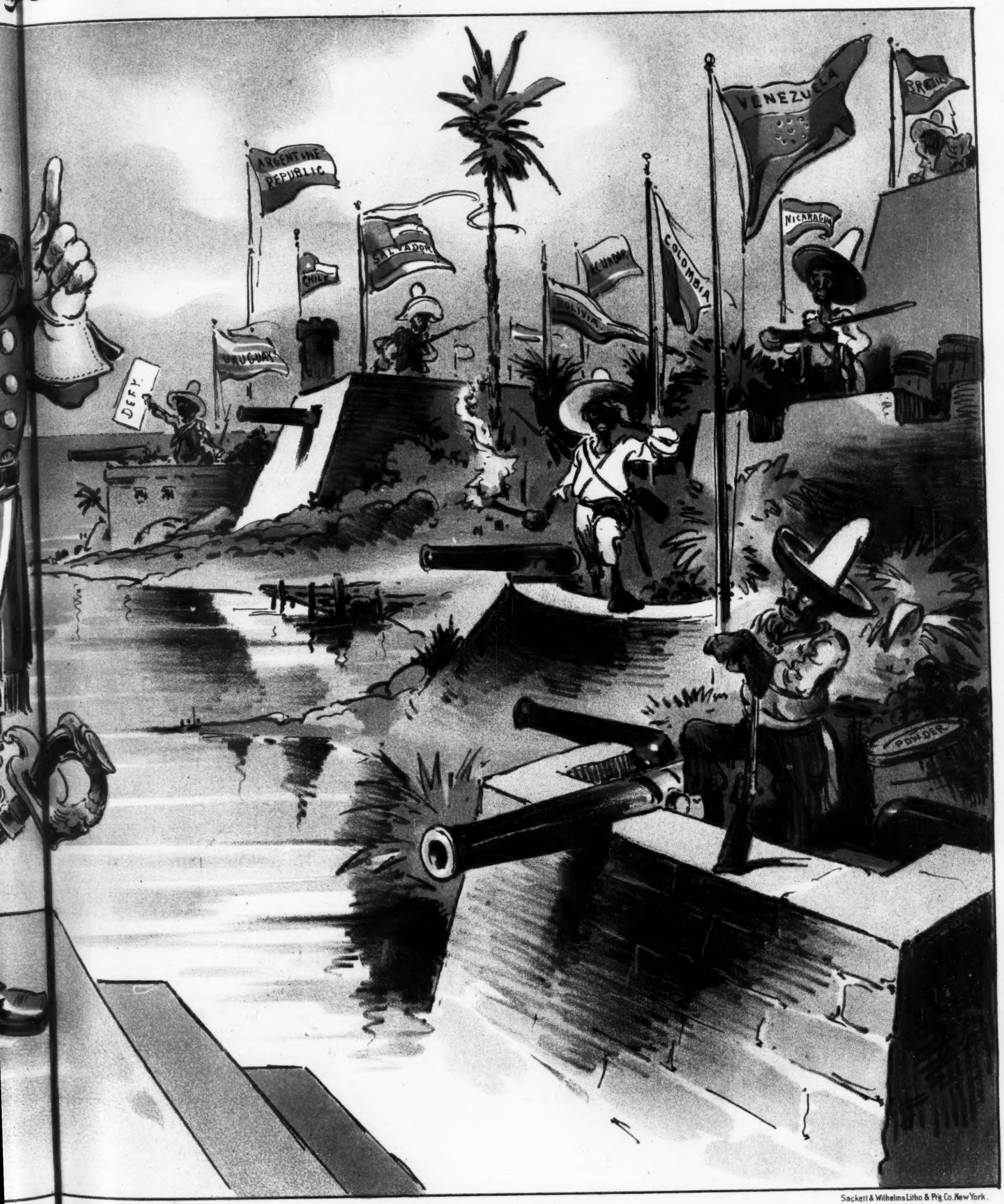
THE MONROE DO TR

UNCLE SAM (*to South American countries*)—" Pay your debts aintain



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E DOCTRINE UP TO DATE.

our debts, maintain order; then I will protect you from all foreign aggression."

INFORMATION.

LADY—"A half dozen. Yes, they are quite nice bananas for New York."

GINNY—"Oh, dey was nota raise in New York, lady."

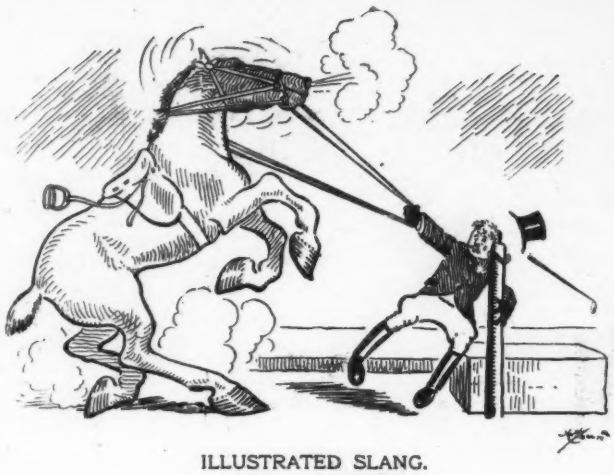
HIS ONLY BAD HABIT.

"HENRY," said Mrs. Penhecker, "you have not yet told me what good resolve you have made for the new year."

"Why, my dear," protested Henry, "you know that I have no small vices or bad habits at all. Don't you know that you have induced me to stop swearing and smoking and drinking and going out nights, and everything else that I used to think that I wanted to do?"

"Yes, love," answered Mrs. Penhecker sweetly; "but it sometimes seems to me that you read the advertisements of liquors and cigars with a sinful satisfaction. It would be better for you, spiritually, if you should sternly and firmly resolve to shun them hereafter."

And poor Henry shrank further and further into the nice new house-coat that she had made from her old dolman.



ILLUSTRATED SLANG.

"Wouldn't stand for it."

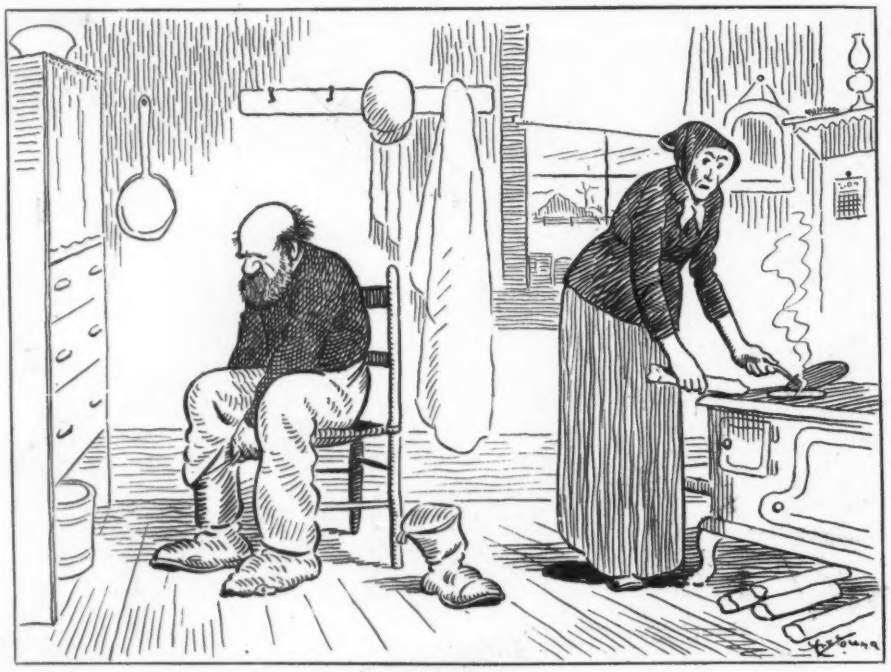
NOTES FROM VENEZUELA.

BY general agreement, the assassination of Colonel Luiz de Munn has been postponed from Monday evening until the following Thursday. Colonel de Munn requested this, in order that he might further elaborate upon his dying speech.

The ladies of the Stabb-street church will hold an informal revolution at the home of Señora Retardo Wednesday afternoon and evening. The ladies will form themselves into two parties, and the one which captures the church-treasury will donate the contents to furthering the work of sending sardines to the suffering poor of Italy.

Señorita Calso Mina de Face has been selected as daughter of the regiment for Colonel Diablo tu Payé's command. The señorita is in training for her duties, having been given a complimentary ticket to the merry-go-round.

Señor Puffe y Habana, our public-spirited citizen, suggests that it will be a good plan to hold our revolutions in the bull-ring hereafter, for the benefit of the thousands of excursionists who could be attracted by such events. W. D. NESBIT.



TRUE ENOUGH.

MRS. GRUMPY—"Joel, I do wish you wuzn't ferever borrowin' trouble."

JOEL GRUMPY—"Wa-al, thet don't need ter worry ye. I ginerly pay back what I borrow, don't I?"

IDENTIFIED.

City friend—"In this house occurred New York's most famous murder mystery."

Country cousin—"Indeed? Which do you mean?"

City friend—"The one the police solved."

COUNT not your miles before they are pedaled.

WHY NOT?

HANK YAP—"Don't it worry yew not to hev ez much sense ez other folks?"

THE IDIOT WONDER—"Nope."

HANK YAP—"Why not?"

THE IDIOT WONDER—"Well, you see, I know that other folks don't know it."

THE world is more inclined to take a man at his own estimate of himself when he places it low than when he puts it high.

THE LIMIT.

King Philip regarded his victim with that cold ferocity which was his trump card on such occasions. "Let him," he said in slow and passionless tones, "invest in oil stock and wait for dividends."

The victim, inured as he was to every species of royal torture, trembled visibly. He had hoped to be only roasted in amalgamated steel, or squeezed in sugar, or boiled in Standard oil, or something like that.

A MODERN LITTERATEUR.

He isn't literary,
  He never wrote a verse;
His spelling 's rather scary,
  And his grammar 's even worse.
Yet, although it may seem funny
  To the literary men,
He has made a pile of money,
  And he's made it with his pen.

He isn't literary;
  Yet he took his pen one day,
And he used it in a merry
  And a careless sort of way.
Just a single word he scribbled,
  Just a pothook and a twitch;
But we haven't lied nor quibbled
  When we say it made him rich.

He isn't literary,
  And he doesn't shine with wit;
He's a common fellow, very,
  But he's made an awful hit.
Now he's wealthy and contented
  And he's on the way to fame;
For, you see, he's just invented
  A brand-new health-food name.
—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

One of the worst things about falling into a hole is the number of people who gather on the bank to point out the routes you could have taken to avoid falling in.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

Old Emdee—"Well, how do you like your profession?"

Young Emdee—"Profession is o. k. It's the practice I'm kicking about."—*Town and Country.*

"What kind of a man was Napoleon?" asked the little boy.

"He was one of the men whose mistakes made them famous," answered his cynical parent. "He undertook to control the world by organizing armies instead of organizing a trust."—*Washington Star.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Pac'ter Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

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WHITMAN'S

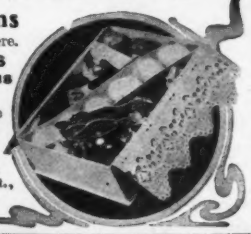
Confections

For sale everywhere.

WHITMAN'S Instantaneous Chocolate.

Made in a minute—hot water or boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



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DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 2. Lebanon, Ohio.

FISHERS FOR SEATS.

Three workmen ran breathless to catch a street-car—
  To catch a street-car as the sun went down.
Each thought of the woman who waited afar
  And the beef-trust steak that was cooking brown.
    For men must eat and women must cook,
    And there's little to balance the grocery book,
      Though the motor-car be moaning.

Three women got in at a down-town street—
  At a down-town street when the car was ajam;
They had bundles and boxes and wanted a seat—
  And the workmen together said, "My seat, ma'am!"
    For men must stand and women must sit,
    Though the labor be hard and the body unfit,
      And the motor-car be moaning.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Newton had just discovered the gravity of the earth.

"But," exclaimed his admiring friends, "tell us how you managed to do it."

"Easy enough," replied the scientist. "I read three numbers of *Punch.*"

Marveling at the simplicity of genius, they withdrew, while the great man toyed with an apple.—*New York Tribune.*

LOST SIGHT OF

A MOST IMPORTANT AID TO EDUCATION.

An important point often overlooked by parents in bringing up children is the use of proper food as an aid to education.

Children make wonderful progress when scientifically fed.

A little woman in East Brentwood, N. H., says of her girlhood days, "I was never very rugged and cold lunches and hearty evening meals and improper food soon began to work serious havoc.

"Then came a period of self-boarding while away at college and it is now easy to see where, in the haste to acquire knowledge the true knowledge of proper and nourishing food was neglected. The result, as may be imagined, was indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. Then followed a weary time of dieting and, one after another, physicians were consulted, till hope of permanent cure was abandoned. Then, two years after leaving school, I entered a new home as a bride and having grown wiser through experience, I resolved to use food in accordance with hygienic principles. This was also necessary as I could not eat anything at all rich.

"We commenced to use Grape-Nuts and soon became convinced that it was the most nutritious food we could obtain. I noticed an immediate improvement in my health, my indigestion became less marked and eventually left me for good.

"It is now two years that we have eaten Grape-Nuts regularly, and I was never as well in my life as now. I have gained ten pounds in weight and can eat, without causing the slightest distress, the richest kind of food as well as anyone, the dyspepsia is entirely gone and constipation never troubles me.

"This may not interest others, but it is of great interest to us, for it is our firm belief that my present good health is due solely to the constant use of Grape-Nuts, and we feel that we have great reason to be thankful to the maker of such a perfect and delicious food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"You are sure that the words of a song don't count with the public?" said the literary man.

"Quite sure," answered the musician. "Only the other day while I was in a railroad station, I heard a man whistling 'I wish I were in Dixie' while he was buying a railroad ticket for Minneapolis."—*Washington Star.*

"Is Jinks successful as a chauffeur?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he's been arrested eight times in the last two weeks."—*Chicago Post.*

"Dearest," passionately exclaimed the visiting youth, "you have led me to ador"——

"Good," interrupted a voice from the stairs, in relieved tones. "Now, I hope you'll open it and go out."—*Philadelphia Record.*

By an original and improved method of constructing the frame, the far-famed Sohmer Piano acquires extraordinary strength, and is enabled to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the strings.

"Why, pa, what are you doing out there with the gun—and a revolver and a knife too"

"It's all right, sis. I've told that beau of yourn to keep away, and I'm here to see that he does it."

"But why are you so much armed, pa?"

"Because, my child, this is what the British and German commanders would call a pacific blockade.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Exclusively for Gentlemen of Delicate Taste.

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"Magnificent! Why, it's the finest story that has been published this century."

"Indeed? What's the general idea?"

"Oh, half-morocco, gold or uncut edges, cloth edition, finished in four colors, with illuminated pages to every chapter.—*Baltimore News.*

Twinkle! twinkle! great, big star,
In the heavens off so far;
With a light so very faint,
How I wonder what you *ain't!*
—*Lippincott's.*

"Jane, how's Mrs. Black this morning?"

"Sure, sorr, she's that bad she had to be taken to the hospital in an avalanche."—*Lippincott's.*

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Rye

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A good thing passes from lip to lip.

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"Well," said the friend, "how do you like Washington?"

Colonel Stilwell paused to consider, and then answered,

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The Lehigh Valley Railroad has placed in service two new dining cars to supplement its present excellent dining-car system. The new cars are products of the Pullman shops at Chicago, being constructed from plans supplied by the railroad company, and for completeness of design and richness of detail, considerably surpass previous products of the Pullman shops.

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PURSUIT.

A boy once chased a butterfly; it led him
far away.
He ran till he was out of breath, until the
twilight gray.
His hands were torn with briers and his
weary legs were sore—
And when he caught the fluttering thing
he valued it no more.

A man once chased a dollar, and he ran
with might and main,
Unmoved by other pleasures and indifferent to pain.
And when a glittering fortune in his grasp
quite safely lay,
He said, "I'll turn philanthropist and give
it all away!"

—*Washington Star.*

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best-known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

Manager—"Hittemhard has challenged you. Can you lick him?"

Pugilist—"Sure. Why, say, I could do dat mug if I was tongue-tied."

Higgins—"How does that new cook of yours hold out? You said she was an angel."

Wiggins—"I forgot at the time that angels have wings. She has flown."—*Boston Transcript.*

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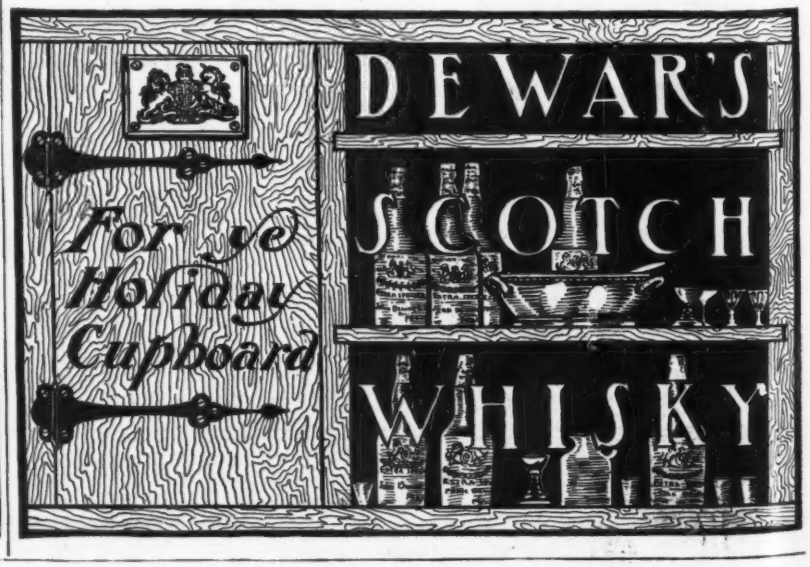
EDITH—"They must be. Why, their house has been burglarized at least ten times."



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Mr. Bacon—"I notice all of the articles of that woman which are now appearing in this magazine are about things which happened years and years ago."

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"When Jack proposed I suppose you asked him if you were the only girl he ever loved?" asked Polly.

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Pine, maple, sas-
Safras, elm, bass-
  Wood, willow, plum or peach,
At two dol-lars
A cord—my stars!
  They must have quite a heap
Of gold, if they
That price will pay
  When
    matches
      are
        so
          cheap.

Oh, why! oh, why
Will people buy
  Ash, apple, cedar, black
Birch, dogwood, but-
Ton-ball, chestnut,
  Redwood and tamarack?
Oh, goodness, me!
They all must be
  Financially asleep,
To go and pay
The price to-day
  When
    matches
      are
        so
          cheap.

—*Bugville Life.*

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"GOLD SEAL" is made by the French process from the choicest grapes grown in our own vineyards, excels any other American wine and equals any imported.

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Bacon—"Did you understand the language when you were in Paris last summer?

Egbert—"Well—when I talked to myself I did."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

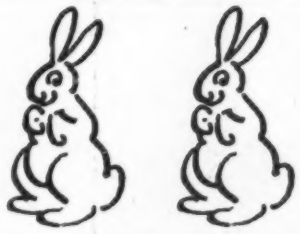
ANTI-TRUST

"She pretends to enjoy everything that her rich uncle, who has lived in India, likes."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "she favors curry in order to curry favor."—*Washington Star.*

Miss de Style—"He's a man after my own heart."

Miss Gunbusta—"He was after mine, too, but I jilted him."



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Everybody should have the Foxy Grandpa Book in their household; it keeps boys and girls amused for hours at a time. It makes an interesting and beautiful present.

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"Not always. There would be a lot more genius if they did."

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"External appearances are often misleading," says the Manayunk philosopher. "Any terrapin would rather be a mud-turtle."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The monkey lost his hold and fell into the crocodile's waiting jaws. Even then his wits did not desert him.

"I just dropped in for dinner," he said with an engaging smile.—*Yale Record.*

The Four Track News for January is out, and a casual glance over its contents will convince all discriminating readers that it is opening the new year right by raising its standard of excellence. An idea of its variety may be gained when the reader is told that it treats such subjects as "Mount Hood," and "Solemn Barred Owls," and "An Autograph of the Ice Age," and "The Climbing Bear Tree." There are "Vest Pocket Confidences" by the editor, and "How Royalty Travels" by Andrew D. Titus. "In the Trail of the Traveler" will well repay perusal; and there are jokes and poems that will cause the appreciative reader to fancy that his salary has been raised, and that everything is gold that glitters. For further information lay down a nickel of the realm and purchase a copy, and you will feel the minutes passing so fast that they will seem like telegraph poles seen from a window of the 20th Century or the Empire State Express.

Customer—"The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it."

Dealer—"Y-e-s; but think how easy it will be to sharpen!"—*New York Weekly.*

Violet writes to ask if a lady should not always sit down before the gentleman. Well, Violet, it depends. If there is only one chair in the parlor it is just as well to let the man sit down first.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., has sent us "Edges," by Alice Woods, and "Francezka," by Molly Elliot Seawell. The first is the story of an artist whose determination to triumph over the obstacles that beset the painter is voiced in his own words, to wit: "Talk is talk, and paint is paint." There are many dainty bits of word-painting, full of dabs of apple-green and old gold annexed unto crepuscular effects that simply reek with melodious dreaminess of a pale lavender tint that would be the fortune of a note or wall-paper manufacturer. The second is a French story, and a very interesting one at that, although it has Italian quotations, of which the following sample, "La vita fugge, a non s'arretto un ora," smacks more of Petrarch than of Mr. Dooley. It also does with chateaux and Tuscan gardens in such a way as to warm the cockles of the hearts of all artistic horticulturists and stone masons as well as all lovers of genuine romance that is also picturesque. It is not going too far to say that "Francezka" has all the lasting charm of her book of a year ago, "Papa Bouchard," which is certainly praise of the highest order.

Cæsar, upon crossing the Rubicon, exclaimed, "The die is cast!" hastily murmuring, "Come seven, come eleven."

"Will you put that in the Commentaries?" asked his chief aid.

Reconsidering the matter, the conqueror decided that "Come one, come all," would sound better, and asked his officer to shake.—*New York Tribune.*

A CHARMING PLEASURE PLACE.

Few winter resorts have the equal of Lakewood's advantages, which are primarily, location, climate and surroundings. At the end of a ninety-minute railroad journey you reach Lakewood, the winter home of fashion, culture and society. Fine roads in several directions lead to the hotels and cottages of t e latter, of which there are many, and the life of their occupants is as merry as can be. The climate at Lakewood is at least ten degrees milder than at New York or Philadelphia, and by its situation in New Jersey's famous pine belt there is an exhilarating healthfulness found nowhere else on the Atlantic coast. The hotels are metropolitan in every sense and every convenience imaginable is found there, including Sun Parlors, Palm Gardens, Artistic Tea and Music Rooms, and a wonderful appointed cuisine. There are innumerable opportunities for out-door life and sports like Pony Polo, Golf, Cross Country Riding, Coaching and Automobiling are indulged in. The only road to Lakewood from New York is the New Jersey Central, and its express service is such that many New York business men travel daily between Lakewood and New York. To know about Lakewood write C. M. Burt, G. P. A., New Jersey Central, New York City, for Book on New Jersey's Pines, etc. It's free for the asking.

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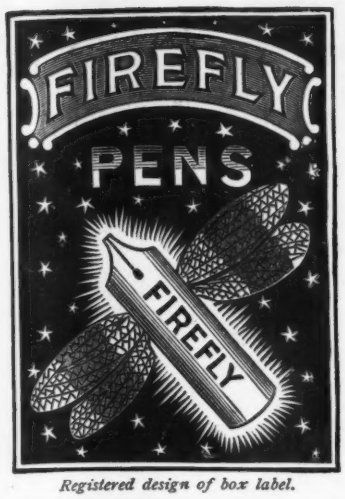

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SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

"My son," said a judge the other day, smiling benignantly upon a little boy who had been summoned as a witness in a lawsuit, "do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Yes, your honor," declaimed the boy. "It is a solemn declaration or affirmation, usually to the effect that the statement or statements about to be uttered by the person making such declaration or affirmation are true."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you think you could be happy with a man like me?" asked Willie Wishington earnestly.

"Oh, yes," answered Miss Cayenne after a pause; "I think so—if he wasn't too much like you."—*Washington Star.*

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Don Quixote had just retired from his encounter with the windmill.

"But why," asked Sancho Panza, "did you give up just when you were winning?"

"Hush!" whispered his master. "The fight was a fake, like all the others—more wind than mill."

Cervantes, however, was not put wise, and therefore did not give an accurate version of the affair.—*New York Tribune.*

"Remember," the serious citizen said, "that wealth has its compensations."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "So long as you are humble and obscure you can say 'I seen it' and 'I done it' and eat with your knife all you want to."—*Washington Star.*

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P. O. Box 289.

"Heavy expenses this year," said the publisher.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I'm running two new authors and an automobile!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Just my luck," said Borem. "She's always out when I call."

"So she was telling me," said Miss Pepprey.

"She told you the same thing, eh?"

"Yes; only she said it was just her luck."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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When woman-suffrage becomes universal two-dollar votes will sell for a dollar ninety-eight.—*Baltimore American.*

MAKING GAME OF HIM.
"I stood on the bridge at midnight."
"Playing bridge-whist again, eh?"

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JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

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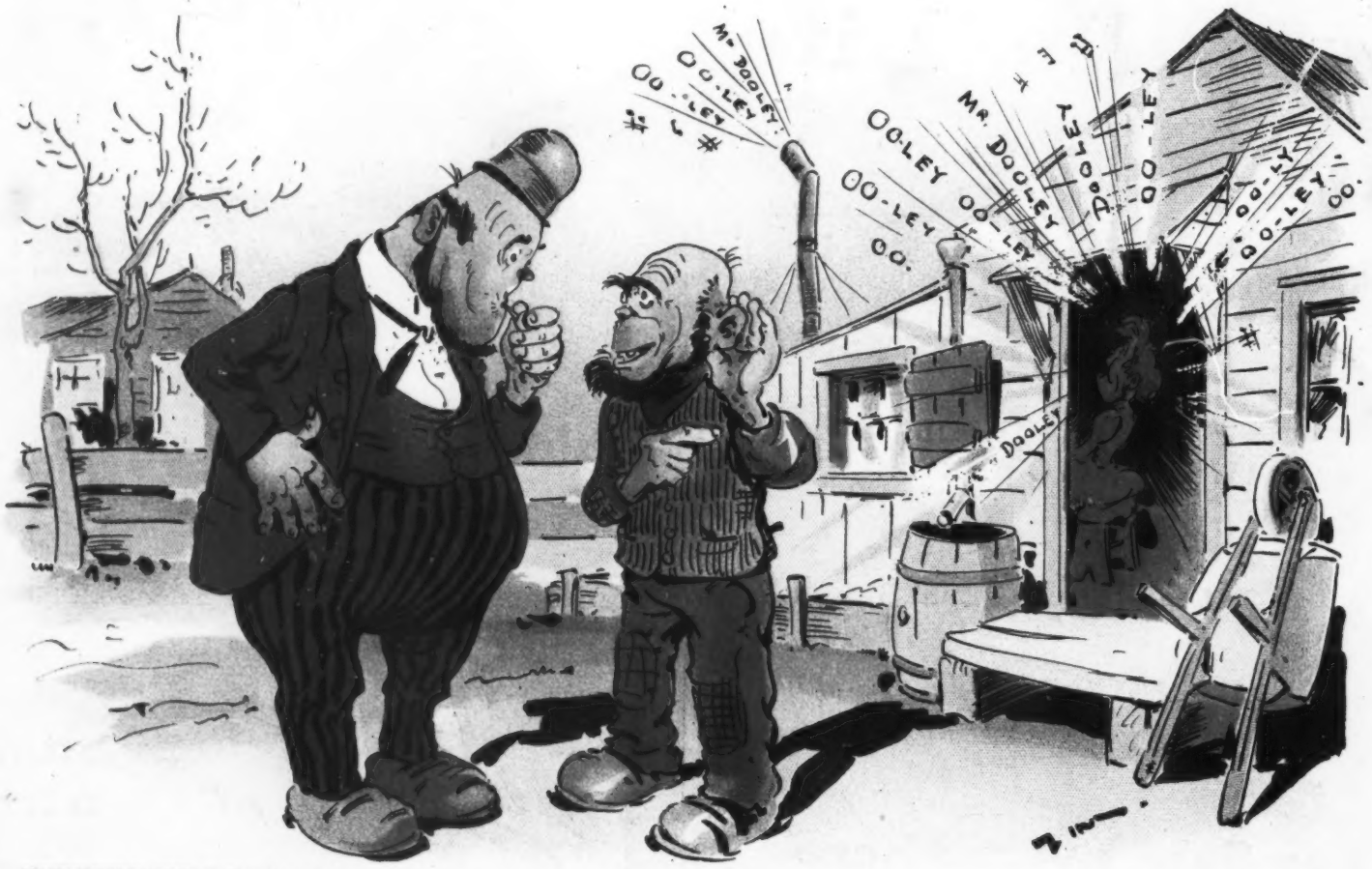
MISS BIRDIE OSTRICH—"Heavens, Harold! I haven't a thing to wear. That janitor of my apartments has disposed of my last feather to that second-hand dealer. Isn't it perfectly horrid?"



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HOGAN—"Ol hear yer darter Katie do be takin' vocal an' insthrumental lessons."
SLATTERY—"'Tis a lie yez heard. It's peanny lessons she's takin', an' singin' wid it. Thot's Oitalian opery she's playin' now."